

# The Topeka State Journal

10 CENTS A WEEK.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1894.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR.

## METBYBULLETS

Robbers Hold Up Santa Fe Train  
No. 5 at Gorin, Mo.

They Flag the Train and Shoot  
the Engineer.

PREPARED FOR THEM.

Hold Up Was Expected and  
Guards Open Fire.

One Bandit Severely Wounded  
and One Horse Killed.

FIVE FARMERS DID IT.

Two of Them Captured This  
Morning at Memphis, Mo.

An Excited Passenger Kneels  
and Prays for Deliverance.

Topeka People Who Were on the  
Train Tell Their Story.

GORIN, Mo., Sept. 18.—The Colorado and Utah express on the Santa Fe was held up by robbers at 3:30 a. m. today. Owing to the fact that the railroad and express officials had a spy on the trail of the bandits when they stopped the train, they met a hail of buck-shot and bullets, and it is said at least two are dead in the surrounding woods, while as many others rode for their rendezvous, twenty-one miles away, filled with bullets. They were novices in the art of train robbery and brutal ones at that, for they shot "Dad" Prescott, the engineer, before they even gave him a chance to hold up his hands. His wound, it is believed, will not prove fatal. The raid was planned three weeks ago, but not put into execution till this morning.

When the train left Chicago at 5 o'clock last evening, railroad and express detectives all walking armloads, climbed on at every station. Chief Detective, J. J. Kinney of the Santa Fe, with G. C. Montgomery, his right hand man, boarded it at Joliet. At Streator they were joined by two more men who have been patrolling the line for twenty days. J. A. Mathews, who has been acting the spy for the last two weeks and getting the news of their plans, put in an appearance at Galesburg.

He brought news that the would-be robbers met early in the day and decided to leave their hiding place near Memphis this morning. They had planned to make a haul of at least \$50,000, the Monday run being always much heavier than any other day of the week.

Bill Dalton's Winchester. When the train reached Fort Madison, Iowa, shortly after midnight, Division Superintendent Stockton of the Wells-Fargo express company got into the treasure car. He carried a sawed-off Winchester with a history. It belonged to Bill Dalton, and it was to be poetic justice to turn it loose upon followers in the footsteps of the Kansas desperado. With him were four men. Their arms were in the car, and had been for several days.

Then a council of war was held. It was first proposed to ambuscade the force behind a barricade of trunks and boxes in the express car and allow the robbers to enter. The messenger was to throw up his hands and kneel down to open up the safe. They were to fall open on the floor and then—why the sawed-off Winchester would commence to bark. Two men were to be stationed on the end to protect the trainmen and another was to guard the rear. This scheme was finally abandoned.

Loaded With Buckshot. The plan adopted was this: Detectives Kinney and Montgomery sat in the engine. Superintendent Stockton and two of his good shots remained in the express car. But it was in the forward end of the smoking car that the forces were massed. A partition and door enclosed half a dozen seats and shut off the rest of the car from it. There the men, a dozen of them were placed. Each had one of the "sawed-offs," every cartridge loaded especially for the event with two dozen buckshot by Superintendent Stockton. There was only one passenger in that compartment and he was requested by the brakeman to take a seat in the chair car, as "they were going to sweep."

At 2 o'clock, when Sheriff Salting, of Scotland county, climbed on board, all details of the surprise party were arranged. There was one man, however, who had to be looked out for and protected. He was the spy. According to the report brought in by Mathews, the spy would endeavor to be the one who flagged the train. If so, one torpedo would precede the swinging of the lantern. If another, there would be a couple of torpedoes.

Awaiting the Attack. The orders were that no matter if every one of the unruly ones got away, there was to be no shooting to endanger the life of the man who had in fact taken his life in his hands in order to frustrate the attempted robbery. And so, as the minutes sped on, an unwonted silence settled down on the train. Pullman car conductors and porters sought places of safety and even the trainmen did not expose themselves unnecessarily.

In the little compartment filled with armed men, the lights were out the windows were up. In each seat were two men sitting sideways, the muzzles of their guns protruding just a trifle over the aisle. Behind them stood others, menacingly staring across their arms. They were waiting for the torpedo.

ments just one mile from Gorin sped the train. One minute more and the anxious watchers would know whether they again had their labor in vain. Then came the crack of the looked and longed for signal. There was but one.

A sharp whistle and a red light. A moment, and a shrill, sharp whistle gave token that the engineer had heard, and almost before his hand had left the valve across the tracks, not fifty yards away, swung a red light. A grinding of wheels along the rails told the air had been applied, and within twenty seconds from the explosion of the torpedo the train was at a standstill.

Out from the dense undergrowth north of the track came four forms. The face of each was hidden by a black mask. One, more agile than the rest, rushed to the engine almost before his companions could reach the express car. He carried a rifle, and when within ten feet of the tender, brought it to his shoulder, pointed it at "Dad" Prescott, the engineer, and as he shouted "Hold up your hands!" pulled the trigger.

Engineer "Dad" Prescott Shot. His aim was true and "Dad" fell to the floor of his cab, with a bullet in his right breast. With one bound Kinney gained the top of the tender and bringing his gun to his shoulder, sent a shower of shot almost in the face of the masked individual. How on earth the fellow ever managed to move six inches is a mystery. But he did and made for the woods.

The shot which laid Engineer Prescott low was the signal for a fusillade and whooped and re-echoed from bank to bank and through the woods. It was also the signal for a hasty retreat to the shelter of timber on the part of the greatly surprised individuals, whose features were hidden by masks.

Not until they reached timber did they answer; then they fired three shots. But their aim was good and although the men were leaning from the car windows and pulling triggers as fast as possible, while others had jumped to the ground and were after them on foot, they failed to hit a man.

Death on a Pale Horse. According to programme their horses were latched not over 100 yards away. When the pistol shot was heard, the spot they saw one animal, a gray, galloping north. A well directed shot brought it low, but there was no rider on its back.

The place where the horses were tied was soon found and out hitching straps showed that one man, at least had life enough left to make his escape. Sheriff Salting took the saddle blanket and bridle from the dead gray, and says by their aid he will have no trouble in identifying the owner. The search for the dead and wounded was postponed until daylight.

But the chase after the one or ones who escaped was started within ten minutes after the shooting ended. The sheriff secured horses here and with half a dozen men started north. They know the men and are confident they will have them in custody soon.

Heads Struck Out Quickly In. It is not likely the passengers in the rear end of the smoker, those who were sitting in the chair car, and a half dozen sleeping ones in the sleepers will ever forget the experience. With the first shot every man near a window opened it and looked out. With the second he drew his head in. And when the volley commenced he had no time to close the window, but just dropped flat down on the floor of the car.

Then the cry "train robbers" went through the train and women went down on their knees, lifted their hands and screamed vigorously and persistently. It was absolutely impossible to walk through the cars without climbing over the seats. When the excitement was at its height, the brakeman put his head in the door and shouted, "Keep your heads down ladies and gentlemen; train robbers are outside."

Women Ran Shrieking from Their Berths. In the sleeper, Zelma, two women ran shrieking from their berths and were headed for the danger spot when Conductor Blue captured them and forcibly prevailed upon them to go back to bed. And there was at least one dozen individuals who snored through it all and did not miss a note.

When the train reached Gorin, Engineer Prescott was removed to a private house and Dr. Cruikshank, a Santa Fe physician in New Mexico, who was on the train, attended to his injuries. Fireman McGraw took the train west. Twice before last night's attempt the bandits left their hiding places, twenty-one miles away, and started for the spot selected for their deed of violence. Each time a copious fall of rain baffled them. Eleven nights ago they saddled shortly after 10 o'clock and started to ride slowly across the country. It was cloudy and they had not covered more than a third of the distance when rain began to fall.

One Attempt Given Up. Some were in favor of turning back at once, declaring they were not going to run the chance of being tracked by a mud trail. Their objections were overruled for the time being, but by the time the cavalcade was within seven miles of the railroad track it was apparent to even the most fool-hardy that discretion was the better part of valor.

The command to retreat was given and the procession returned. The next day two of Kinney's men followed the trail for five miles. From the indications, they say eight men were in the party that night.

Last Saturday morning was the second time the affair was billed to come off. If it had not been for the rain, the attack would have been made; for in addition to the regular prize carried in the express car on the train, was a big bundle of money to be used by the Santa Fe in settling with some employees for August.

A Big Bundle of Money. At least that is the information on which the robbers were acting. But the rain came down too early and with too much vigor even to permit a start. Detective Kinney was a badly chagrined man when the train passed the point, at which according to programme, it should have been flagged. He was ready for them that night, even more so than he had been before.

He was then clad in a suit of blue jumpers and looked for all the world like an apprentice to the art of firing an engine. Snuggled in a skillfully constructed "dug out" in the heap of

tender full of coal was another of his good men, a man who had put six bullets into as many telegraph poles while riding past them as fast as a pony could take him.

Inside the express car, behind an innocent pile of trunks, egg cases and bundles of merchandise, which were in reality barricades of cotton, were seven men with loaded Winchester and a couple of big Colts, "mighty handy in a tight place," as Kinney put it.

The Spot Well Selected. The cunning of the hold-up craftman was shown in the selection of the spot for "turning the little trick," as the robbery was professionally designated. For ten miles there is no right-of-way station until La Plata is reached and there is no stop there. Once in a while the train takes water at Gorin, but there is nothing there except the tank.

Not within the memory of the oldest man on the road has a halt been made at Baring. But at Hurdland, which is just ten miles west of the last named station, is a switch into which the train runs every morning and waits for the east-bound express to pass. Both are due there at the same second and invariably they are on time.

But if the west bound should not put in an appearance, the train would have to wait until it came along for there is no means of finding out what the trouble is without running back to La Plata.

Thought They Had It in a Pocket. The men who planned the robbery figured that they had the train and its treasures in a pocket and would have all the time necessary not only to rifle the express cars but to relieve the passengers of their valuables. It is also evident that they made a careful study of the topography of the country.

For nearly a thousand feet before the spot at which the red lantern was swung across the rails the road winds in a reverse curve through a cut with embankments from ten to forty feet high.

In the Mist of Thick Woods. Then comes a little dip followed by a stretch of track almost on a level with the surrounding country. On either side of the right of way are dense clumps of oak and hickory, not to mention an undergrowth almost as bad as that of the northern Michigan pine woods.

But the timber, though apparently thick and impenetrable is only so for a quarter of a mile from the track. Beyond that the country stretches practically clear and easily traversed almost to the Iowa line. It was in the middle of the timber, the horses were ridden, good strong limbed animals, and the calculation that after the night's business had been accomplished two hours hard riding would put every man safe from pursuit, and that too, soon after day dawned.

There were no telegraph lines up in the country where the gang had been hiding and it was thought that the news of the hold-up would not penetrate to that region until the participants in the affair had time to cover up their tracks.

The Raid Known of Three Weeks. It is nearly three weeks since the Santa Fe and the Wells Fargo officials received the tip that the raid was contemplated. Since then the express cars, whether inhabited by Detective Kinney's men or not has been a regular arsenal. Every night at least half a dozen secret service men have climbed aboard at different points along the line east of Fort Madison and scattered themselves in the day, reclining in chair and smoking coaches.

So after the point was reached they would have worked forward into the smoker, not a man exchanging a word with the other, all total strangers as far as outward appearances went and before Gorin was passed, half of them had disappeared into the express car. This was merely precautionary.

Derby Kinney's spy gave him 24 hours notice of the two premeditated raids spoiled by rain, and the full force was on hand. But the railroad and express people were taking no chances. When the danger point had been passed the men would drop off at different stations working back along the road in the day time and repeating the operation the next night.

A Regular Army. No man ever climbed the train from the same town twice, however. The nights the robbers failed to keep their appointments the whole party alighted at Hurdland, took their armory from the express car and returned to Fort Madison, Galesburg, Chillicothe and Streator.

Now of the Arkansas, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad is what is known as the Colorado and Utah limited. It leaves the Polk street station in Chicago daily at 5 p. m. and is due to arrive in Kansas City at 9 o'clock the next morning.

The Santa Fe railroad runs almost due southwest between Chicago and Kansas City and crosses the Mississippi river at Fort Madison entering the state of Missouri 250 miles distant from Chicago; the road runs for some miles through a rough country the many small streams which have their headwaters in southeastern Iowa breaking it up in hills and valleys some sections being densely wooded.

An Ideal Rendezvous for Bandits. The brakes of the Mississippi river are only a few miles to the east. This section during the civil war was over run with bushwhackers, who frequently carried terror into the little towns in Van Buren, Davis and Appanoose counties in Iowa, by their frequent raids across the border.

It is a fitting place for bandits to do their work, as hiding places are easy of access. The inhabitants of this section, however, are a sturdy, honest agricultural class, who have no sympathy with crime or criminals.

W. C. Black, a resident here was one of the first to the scene of combat, and being mistaken for one of the robbers, was marched at the muzzle of a Winchester to the sheriff, who knowing him, set him free. It was a close call for Black.

ONE MAN PRAYED. He Kneel Down in the Aisle and Pleaded for Deliverance.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 18.—When the way-laid train reached this city the Kansas City passengers were not loath to leave it, after their night of suspense. Several of them, as they expressed themselves to an Associated Press reporter, passed the worst night of their lives, and for a time thought it would be their

last. As the detectives, who engaged in the fight stopped off at the scene of the robbery to chase the robbers and the train hands continued east, little could be learned from them.

F. H. Wilson, Pullman car conductor, had time to talk a few minutes before proceeding on his trip west. "Such a horrible case of safe places," said he, "I never witnessed. The women were frantic in their endeavors to get out of the way and the men no less eager, showing as much fright as they possibly could display. Some lay flat on the floor, others barricaded themselves in their berths or clamped underneath while others ran frantically up and down the aisle, apparently bewildered."

"One man, probably 50 years of age, when the shooting began to be fierce, knelt down in the aisle and prayed long and loud for deliverance."

George Blue, one of the conductors of the train, in his official report made after reaching Kansas City, says: "I was in the rear part of the train when I heard the engineer answer a flagman's signal. The train soon came to a standstill and in a few minutes I heard gun shots. I hurried back and sent out my flagman to protect the rear end of the train."

"By the time this was done, the firing began. When I reached the ground I saw three men by the side of the express car. One man fell to the ground and I supposed he was shot. Whether or not he was able to get up or was carried away by his pals, I do not know. The other two men went under the express car and escaped to the south."

"They did not get away immediately, for they were surrounded by the guards, who began shooting rapidly. On both sides of the track there is a dense timber and the robbers had only to crawl a few feet to get under cover. I found that William Prescott was shot in the right shoulder, and I only remained a few minutes when I pulled the train into the station so as to have his wound looked after."

"On board the train was one of the company's surgeons, Dr. C. J. Cruikshank, of New Mexico. I called him, and he did what he could for Prescott. Engineer Prescott told me he was flagged by a red lantern, and coming in so near the station as it did, and there being a curve just ahead of him, he supposed there was a train at the station and the track was not clear. He called to his flagmen, but when he stopped and the bandits were getting up on to his engine and he realized their business, he called to them to keep off."

"Without more ado they opened fire on him. Soon after this the guards opened fire and the battle was on. The guards did not stop to load, but kept firing into the dense timber in the darkness and crowded them so closely that they shot one of their horses."

HOW THEY WERE CAPTURED.

The Two Robbers Found About Three Miles From Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Mo., Sept. 18.—W. E. McDaniel, the man who had advised the officers of the plot, time and place of the Santa Fe train robbery, went last night with C. E. Abrams, Link Overfield and two other men to Gorin, Mo. H. H. Salting and City Marshal H. E. Byrne went to a town east of Gorin and joined Detective J. J. Kinney and two assistants of the Santa Fe, C. W. Stockton, detective of the Wells-Fargo express, and two assistants, and all rode to Gorin on the train No. 5. They neared Gorin, the engineers noticed the switch signal light had been removed, he heard a torpedo explode and saw a signal flag waved. He answered the signal and stopped the train. Abrams, the leader of the gang, ran to the engineer and called out: "We've got you, kid, you're a goner."

The engine was a little slow in responding and Abrams shot him. Detective Kinney who was concealed in the tender, raised up and shot Abrams in the shoulder with a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot. Abrams started for the brush, and the other robbers followed him.

Absram was killed by one of Kinney's assistants. The robbers fled when the other officers appeared. The officers scoured the brush but did not find the robbers. The officers came to Memphis about 4 a. m., got out warrants and went three miles northeast of this city and located Abrams and Overfield, brought them back and they are now in jail. Abrams will die.

Two others are supposed to have been implicated in the hold-up and the officers are after them, but refuse to give their names. All parties are residents of this county.

TOPEKA PEOPLE ON BOARD.

Father Hayden's Experience on the Held Up Train.

Very Rev. Father Dean Hayden of the Church of the Assumption and his sister, were passengers on the Santa Fe train which was held up by robbers at Gorin, Mo., this morning, and arrived in Topeka on time at 11:30 a. m. today. Father Hayden told his story of the hold up to a Star-Journal reporter. He said: "It was at 2:15 o'clock this morning, a short distance from Gorin, Mo., that our train was stopped by a red lantern signal, and the passengers were awakened by rapid firing at the front of the train."

"The firing was at the engine and express car, but we did not know what minute a stray shot might come through our car. I tell you it made one feel like making his will for a few minutes. It did not last long, however, and before any of the passengers could get out the robbers were gone. The officials were prepared for the raid. Mr. Kinney of Topeka was on the engine and there were four guards in the express car besides several armed men who were on other parts of the train."

"The engineer, Mr. Prescott, I was told formerly lived in Topeka. He was shot through the shoulder but stayed on the train until we got to Marcelline and his fireman ran the engine that distance under his direction. At Marcelline the engineer was taken off to have his wound dressed."

going to start right after the robbers. He did not know whether they had shot any of them or not but one of the robbers' horses was killed. It was a good horse and had large saddlebags ready for the money. A Winchester was captured with the dead horse."

"I was the only passenger in our car to get up but I dressed and went out and talked with the guards."

"The Chicago Tribune had a full account of the hold-up this morning and was the only morning paper that had anything about the affair. The Tribune had two reporters on the train. They knew the robbery was expected and were prepared to tell all about it. It was an exciting time for a few minutes and I don't care to be on another train that is to be robbed."

Director Severy on Board.

L. Severy, of Emporia, one of the directors of the Santa Fe, was on the forward sleeper. He was returning from New York City, where he attended the meeting of the board of directors. "I had no intimation whatever," said he to a JOURNAL reporter, "that there was to be an attempt made to hold up the train. I was asleep and was awakened by the torpedoes the robbers had put on the track. As a signal to the engineer to stop the train. Then came about twenty-five shots in rapid succession toward the front end of the train. Two of the detectives were on the tender and ready to receive the robbers."

"They had a good position but so far as we know none of the robbers were killed. They did kill one horse and captured another, however. The conductor, a brother of Dick Blue, the Republican candidate for congressman-at-large, got the Winchester and a sack which one of the men threw away."

"I see no reason why, with seven or eight men ready and waiting for the robbers, well armed and equipped, they were allowed to escape. It is very strange."

Mr. Connors Was There.

Wm. Connors, of Stevenson & Co., was on one of the sleepers. "I don't know much about it," he said. "I was awakened and heard some shooting and that is about all I know about it, except what I have been told. I do not say that I was not scared, but I am sure now I was not hurt."

Louis Kerker, of Oklahoma City, was on the chair car, the third from the engine. He said: "I was not asleep and I thought it very strange when the train commenced to slow down in the middle of nowhere. I had hardly stopped how the shooting commenced and there must have been fifty shots fired. First there was a volley and after that the shots were scattering. Kinney was on the tender with another man and he said the first shot he fired the bullet stuck in his gun and he could do nothing but it. I hardly stopped how true that story is, but he went over the tank and the two men stood right over the robbers almost near enough to touch them and none of them were hit. When the robbers ran for their horses the officers reached there as soon as they did and then it was that one of the horses was killed."

"I tell you things were exciting in the chair car. The women seemed to be the bravest of all. They did not even hold their heads below the windows until the train men came through and told everybody to lay low."

There was the greatest scramble to hide valuables imaginable. Men and women threw their money in their lunch baskets or on the floor; some put their money in their stockings and others hid watches and everything of value in every out-of-the-way place they could find."

T. H. Garrow of Colorado Springs, who was in the Denver sleeper, said: "I heard the shots and prepared to divide up with the robbers if they should enter our car. I made two separate rolls of my money—one for myself, and one for the robbers. That was the best I could do."

J. H. Wilson, the Pullman conductor said: "There was very little excitement in the sleepers. In my car, which was ahead and nearest the rear, there were several who did not know anything about it till today. It did not last twenty minutes altogether. In the coaches behind me the passengers heard almost none of the row at all."

"The chair car and the smoker were the only cars where the passengers suffered much from nervousness. In the chair car the brakeman took charge of affairs by telling the passengers to sit still and keep their heads away from the windows. They could not refrain, however, from hiding what they had about them in the way of valuables. Women utilized their various garments and the men hid money about the seats."

"In the smoking car there were only three or four people and they were badly frightened. They did not dare leave the car for another fear of being shot down on the platform. There was a fat man there with a bald head. When the shooting began he was frantic. 'My God, my God,' he cried, 'we are all being murdered in our beds,' and then made energetic efforts to get under one of the seats as most of the others of the car had done but the space was too small and he gave it up."

FIVE FARMERS DID IT.

Two of Them Captured at Memphis, Mo., This Morning.

KEOKUK, Iowa, Sept. 18.—Five farmers living three miles north of Arbella, Mo., are the men who held up the Santa Fe at Gorin. Two of the men were captured at Memphis, Mo., this morning, one being shot six times with a Winchester. He cannot live.

The names of the captured men are: Charles Abrams and Lincoln Overfield, the former being the one so badly wounded.

GOULDS CATCH A PRINCE.

Miss Annie Gould Said to Be Engaged to Prince Francis of Battenburg.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—A dispatch to the Daily News from Paris says that papers in that city announce the engagement of Miss Annie Gould to Prince Francis of Battenburg.

Postmaster for Ottawa.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—The following is among the recent appointments announced at the White House today: John R. Kessler, to be postmaster at Ottawa, Kan.

## PLATT CONFIDENT.

The New York Republican Convention Meets at Saratoga.

Tom Platt Says Morton Will Have a Walkover.

FASSETT NOT SO SURE.

He Thinks They Will Be Able to Break the Slate.

Platform Favors Bimetallism and Denounces Income Tax.

Lemuel Ely Quigg Was Made Temporary Chairman.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Sept. 18.—What is known as typical Republican weather was enjoyed in Saratoga today. There were blue skies, bright sun and a clear bracing atmosphere, and consequently everybody felt in excellent spirits. Despite the late hour at which most of the politicians retired last night, everybody was up bright and early and prepared for hard work.

The exciting canvass of last night for lieutenant governor increased, rather than abated, and as soon as breakfast was over at the various hotels, the crowds began surging from one headquarters to another. The Mecca of the great majority was room No. 77 in the hotel where Mr. Thomas C. Platt received the leaders of delegations and talked pleasantly if not always to their satisfaction.

Many years have passed since there has been as large a gathering at a state convention, and the crowds that thronged the streets and hotel corridors exceeded any ever seen at a state gathering of Republicans. This is due no doubt to the possibilities of Republican success and to the great strife for office now going on.

If the majority of delegates found their way to the room of Mr. Platt and the state committee, there was quite a large aggregation that did not bother itself with going to the looked-up leader but contented themselves with alleging that with fifteen or twenty hours before them, they could succeed in breaking the slate.

"All the votes that Mr. Platt can control for Morton on the first ballot," said Mr. Fassett this morning, "are about 500 and that is not enough to nominate him."

"We believe we have enough to keep him from receiving the recognition of the people in the first roll call, and if we do, it is anybody's nomination for there are a large number of delegates that will bolt Morton after having given him their first vote."

Mr. Platt and his lieutenants reply to this statement: "Mr. Morton has a walkover on the very first ballot, and no combination that can be made will be able to defeat him."

In addition to this, the Morton managers claim they have the assurances that the friends of Judge Russell will come over during the day and before the nomination is made. For lieutenant governor the fight seems to lie between Mr. Seaton, Mr. Hennricks and Mr. Waldworth, with no very great advantage for either man.

The platform will stand by bi-metalism. It will condemn the attack on American industries in the tariff bill, and its purpose of fostering the south and spoiling the commercial interests of the north, and it will condemn the broken Democratic promises and point out the retrenchment the Republicans have brought about.

Referring to the income tax it says that it is a rabid and un-American measure, violating personal rights and putting a blench on our claims to lead the world in our liberal, free government. I will say that the Democrats opposed that, called it a force bill, vilified it in every possible manner and have now enacted a force bill of their own, authorizing federal officers to pry into people's private affairs.

In relation to the American Protective association they put in the constitutional provision which permits the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference and recommends its being strictly followed.

As to the work of the constitutional convention they endorse the movement to divorce national and state politics from municipal, so that a man may express his will in regard to city government without sacrifice of his faith upon the political issues of the day.

The convention was rapped to order here at 12:40 p. m. Hon. Lemuel Ely Quigg, of New York city, was made temporary chairman.

On motion of Secretary O'Connor, the convention took a recess at 1:35 p. m. until 4 o'clock.

GOV. FLOWER WON'T RUN.

He Declines to be the Democratic Nominee in Interest of the Party.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 18.—Governor Flower declined to be a candidate for re-nomination for governor. He made known this determination after a long interview with Senators Hill and Murphy.

At the conclusion of the interview Governor Flower said to an Associated Press reporter: "I am convinced that my nomination, if it should be accorded to me by the convention, would not be so likely to command the full vote of the party as would the nomination of some other Democrat and I am too desirous of party success to be a candidate under these circumstances."

C. H. Mansur Appointed Comptroller.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—The president has appointed Charles H. Mansur, of Missouri, assistant comptroller of the treasury, so that a man may express his will in regard to city government without sacrifice of his faith upon the political issues of the day.

which office was abolished by the Dockery commission.